

ALBINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, April 6, 1823.

ters are useful in complaints of the liver, and dyspepsia and chronic complaints.

Kentucky, from her first settlement, has had, and deserved the reputation of being among the most fertile of the western states. The astonishing productions of her good lands, the extent of her cultivation, the multitude of boats she loads for New Orleans, &c., justify the conclusion. All the grains and fruits of the temperate climate flourish there, and there is no article which is not raised there. There are no grases to be denied in the state—the markets are well supplied with all the variety of vegetables, while grapes of the culminated varieties are raised for table fruit in many places, and there are several vineyards where wine is made, and Cane is raised for domestic uses, hemp and tobacco are grown.

The Child's Third Book of Spelling and Reading.

Book-keeping, suited to the business of traders, farmers and mechanics, mostly by single entry. Book-keeping is an essential requirement, and we had every attempt to supply it, with pleasure.

The Child's First and Second Books of Spelling and Reading, on a new plan.

We refer our readers to Mr. Walde's advertisement of a most popular new book. The Select Circular Library has taken such a popular and high literary name, we do not see any reading family can do without it. It is very successful.

COLUMBIA RAIL-ROAD BRIDGE.

All the parts, except one, of the Columbia Rail-road bridge over the Schuylkill are now at their utmost height; the piers, the abutments, the caissons, the masonry, stone houses, and even the iron work applied to one another, are now found to be in a condition to admit the completion of the bridge to its original dimensions.

A meeting of the Trustees of the "College of Physicians and Surgeons" of Philadelphia was held yesterday evening, at the College.

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**Haste thou, nymph, and bring with thee
The Jovial and youthful Jollity!**

Sport that wrinkled care divides,

And laughter, holding both his sides.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

BY THOMAS RAYNER HOWELL.

I don't care if you suppose now
That any thing is in life.

My days of fun are over now,
I am married to a wife, by jove;

And that by Jove's no joke!

Now we're off to the wedding off,

And I've got the yoke.

I am sick of sending marriage cake,

Of eating marriage dinners,

And all the wedding cake make

With newly-wed beginning.

I care not now for white chamois,

Or for the white dress of a maid,

Blushes are all blue blossoms to me,

And Limerick gloves to kid.

And so for posting up and down,

At every polly country town

With you are the bille.

They're all the same old man,

Their smirking says they do;

And charge me as the Scosa Grays charged

In Flanders.

I've got two, quite an idle rogue,

One's out and drunk all day,

Reading with me is not in vogue,

When he's not over, I begin.

To wait 'twix dinner-time,

And tea-time, when the girls are gone,

It's my life.

I wonder if this state be what

Folks call the honey-moon?

It will be soon enough,

For such beauty is to me,

What's the use of salt?

I'd rather rest from end to end,

The works of God.

Oh! when I was a bachelor,

My sports never flattered me,

But now I'm an ostracize,

And languish at my ease,

In every evening paper,

Then think it time to go to sleep,

And charge me as the Scosa Grays charged

In Flanders.

I wonder who has made some

Playful rhyme about me,

And now I am so lost,

I expect to be a fool,

My time I cannot spend.

Or when I was a bachelor,

My sports never flattered me,

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